

The Chronicle History

And if it like your maiesty, I know him very well.

King. Go call him hither.

Flew. I will and it shall please your maiesty.

King. Follow *Flewellen* closely at the heeles,
The gloue he weares, it was the soldiers:
It may be there will be harme betweene them,
For I do know *Flewellen* valiant,
And being toucht, as hot as Gun-powder:
And quickly will returne an iniury.
Go see there be no harme betweene them.

*Enter Captaine Gower, Flewellen, and the
Soldier.*

Flew. Captaine *Gower*, in the name of Iesu
Come to his maiesty, there is more good towards you
Then you can dreame of.

Soul. Do you heare, you sir,
Do you know this gloue?

Flew. I know the gloue is a gloue.

Soul. Sir I know this, and thus I challenge it.

He strikes him.

Flew. Gods plut, and his Captaine *Gower* stand away,
He giue treason his due presently.

*Enter the King, Warwicks, Clarence,
and Exeter.*

King. How now? Whats the matter?

Flew. And it shall please your maiesty,
Heere is the notablest peece of treason come to light.
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day.
Heere is a rascall, beggerly rascall is strike the gloue,
Which your maiesty in person
Tooke out of the Helmet of *Alanson*:
And your maiesty will beare me witness,

And

of Henry the fifth

And testimonies, and auouchment
That this is the gloue.

Soul. And it please your maiesty
That was my gloue.

He that I gaue it to in the night,
Promised me to weare it in his hand,
I promised to strike him if he did
I met that Gentleman with my gloue
And I thinke I haue bene as good

Flew. Your Maiesty heares,
Vnder your Maiestyes man-hood
What a beggerly lowlie knaue is

King. Let me see thy gloue.
Looke you, this is the fellow of
It was I indeede you promised to
And thou hast giuen me most bitter
How canst thou make vs amend

Flew. Let his necke answer it,
If there be any marshalls law in it.

Soul. My Liege,
All offences come from the heart
Neuer came any from mine
To offend your Maiesty.

You appeared to me but as a comrade
Witness the night, your garment
Your lowliness; and whatsoever
You receiued vnder that habite,
I beseech your maiesty, impute
To your owne fault, and not to me
For your selfe came not like you
Had you bene as you seemed to be
I had made no offence, my grace
Therefore I beseech your grace

King. Vnckle, fill the gloue with
And giue it to the souldier.
Weare it fellow,

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